

Annabelle Hu
Paly Choirs Spring Concert 2017

Paly Choirs Spring Concert 2017 (with heavy influence from "O Know to End as to Begin")

Hello, the choir.
We're the first to tell you
that singing is a submersion in sound.
That the notes
The rhythms
The words
The expression
All come together
Not exactly in unison, but in juxtaposition
In transition from our lips to your ears and head and ribs and heart
To exude these prickly or soft, foreign or familiar impressions called
Emotions.

But how do we know where to start?

We're smart.
We begin at the beginning
And we end at the end--no
We begin at the end
And we end at the beginning
Because
In this song
O know to end as to begin.

Next, our study of the measure of time.
There's no kinda or sorta
'Cuz time will resort to
Leaving us behind.
Time's a treasure
So like a king counting his coins
We can't afford to waste or lose our hoard
The pressure to be on the clock
In a minute, in a second--
Not such a bad sin in musical unison.

Have you heard of Ben Jonson?
After this song, you will've.
He's only the poet of the entire piece, and more besides.

When we sing his lines
And the worthy Irving Fine
You hear his words, these letters on a string
(Offline, no time)
And you probably wonder
As much as we the choir:
What Do They Mean.
If "You do our rites much wrong"
Is lost in translation
The rights are now wrongs
and the longer we prolong the song the wronger it is to go on
We hope our iteration
Is not too long gone.

Nor our expression
Too long concealed.
Like those treasures we were talking about?
We'll shout
So they say
It's just a game that we play
"Air-ays eye dear kreestay"
We hope our work is not in vain
We hope not.

How do you feel?
Kind of took you on a rollercoaster ride there.
Can you move?
Our time's almost up, the end is drawing near
So I guess the question is: did we move you
To think without fear
Not to count the beats, the minutes, the years, the number of alarmingly regular quarter notes in a
row
But
To live out the heartbeats, all 525,600 minutes of each year (it's cheesy we know)
And to sow seeds in the spring and reap plenty in harvest
Because we need to feed on the food of the ears
And to sing.

Sincerely,
Mr. Najjar and Ms. Kerby.

